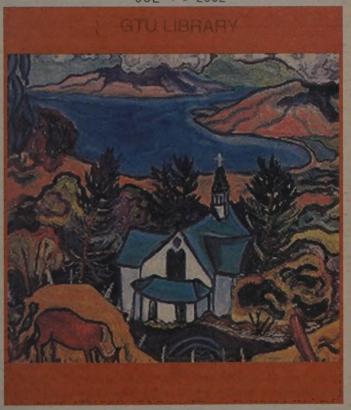
# The Anglican Digest

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### **CHARLOTTE ANN**

Charlotte Ann White was not one of the prettier young women in my 10th grade class. Charlotte had stringy red hair, lots of freckles, glasses, and was skinny. Her clothes looked as though she picked them out and put them on in the dark.

Charlotte Ann was smart — and she was gentle and kind, but, alas, she was not pretty, and so, shallow, sexist youth that I was, I was less than enthusiastic when my mother began to pressure me to invite her to the Junior/Senior Prom. You need to know that Charlotte Ann's mother and my mother were friends.

"Why don't you ask Charlotte Ann to the prom?" my mother asked out of the blue one morning at break-

fast.

I choked on my raisin bran and rolled my eyes. Mother ignored my dramatics and pressed on. "She is such a nice young lady, and I don't think she has a date yet." She sipped her tea and smiled sweetly.

I replied that it was only

three weeks until the dance, and I was sure that if it were three years, Charlotte Ann still would not have a date. My mother was deaf to all arguments. Her friend's daughter needed a date and I was to be it, and when her appeals to duty and Southern chivalry proved futile, she sank to my level and resorted to bribery. Mother would order and pay for the corsage, buy me a tank of gas (recently gone up to 28 cents per gallon), and allow me to stay out until midnight - a full hour past my usual curfew. Mother had won. I surrendered, but with honor, and Charlotte Ann White had a date to the prom.

Still, it was with grave misgivings that I rang the White's doorbell three weeks later. As I sat in their living room glumly responding to Mr. White's friendly attempts at conversation, I wondered what in the world could be taking her so long, remembering some of my friends' snickers and choice remarks, rehearsing the humiliation I was about to undergo when I showed up at the dance with

gawky old Charlotte Ann. How could I have let my mother talk me into this?

And then I heard Charlotte Ann and Mrs. White coming down the stairs, talking and laughing. Mr. White and I went into the foyer to meet them. Only, when I looked up the stairs, it did not seem to be Charlotte Ann at all. I saw to my utter amazement that without her glasses Charlotte Ann's eyes were a shocking emerald green, and her hair, fresh from the "beauty parlor", was like a wreath of flame surrounding her head. You could barely see her freckles under her make-up, and most amazing of all, her low-cut formal gown revealed that Charlotte Ann was not really skinny at all.

A transfiguration had taken place upstairs at the White's house on Walnut Avenue, and I stood there as on holy ground – awestruck, blinded, amazed. I did not know whether to laugh or cry or run

away.

I did not get to dance much with Charlotte Ann that night. She was the belle of the ball, easily the prettiest girl there, and my friends who had made unkind remarks were now lining up to dance with her. Instead of dropping her off at 10:30 as I had planned, midnight was striking when I timidly shook her hand at her front door, not even daring a goodnight kiss.

In class the next Monday morning, instead of the heavenly vision of Saturday night, I was shocked to see the "old" Charlotte Ann - glasses, freckles and sloppy clothes. The glorious creature that we now knew to be Charlotte Ann was once again concealed by her

casual humanity.

To her great credit, she took it all in stride. She was still smart and kind and lots of fun, but we now knew her true identity. Charlotte Ann White was a Beauty. She had no problems whatever getting dates after that prom. None of us was surprised when several years later she was named her college's top beauty, later still when she had a successful career, a good marriage, and, so far as I know, lives happily ever after. I hope so.

Now I do not intend to

examine what a "male chauvinist pig" I was, or comment on the misguided notion that physical beauty is indicative of goodness and worth. (Read "Beauty and the Beast" if you want that parable.) The main point of my little story is obviously the "transfiguration" of Charlotte Ann, the revelation of her true identity, and the reactions and changes in relationship which that knowledge, that experience

brought about.

Charlotte Ann had been with us all along, day in, day out, had been one of us for 16 years, but until the night of the prom no one, perhaps not even she, knew who she really was. All our future relationships were altered, sometimes subtly, sometimes radically, as Charlotte Ann and we adjusted, accepted her in her new role and identity. She had not become essentially different; rather she had become the true self that had previously been hidden, and that revelatory transfiguration in one way or another transformed us all.

Like all analogies this one can be pushed too far. Quite

obviously there are tremendous differences of circumstance, scope and scale between the revelation of a teenage girl as a beautiful young woman, and the revelation of Jesus as the beloved Son of the living God, but there are some interesting and, I hope, helpful parallels.

The transfiguration of Jesus is the fourth and most unequivocal scriptural account of the revelation and authentication of Jesus as divine messiah, following as it does on the heels of Peter's confession of Jesus as the messiah, Son of the living God.

Jesus' ministry is propelling him to an imminent and ultimate confrontation, to his sacrifice in Jerusalem, but before that happens, for his followers then and now, his full and true identity must be seen clearly, and his authority must be established firmly. And, perhaps most importantly, there must be at least a glimmer of hope for those who love and serve him, a promise of light amid the gathering darkness.

Jesus leads three of his key

apostles, Peter, James and John, to the top of a high mountain, perhaps Mt. Tabor, perhaps Mt. Hermon. A mountaintop is the usual biblical setting for a theophany, for an encounter with God. And there Jesus is suddenly bathed in heavenly glory, and with him appears Moses, the greatest figure in Jewish history, the law giver, whose own face shown with heavenly glory; and Elijah, the great prophet who was carried to heaven in a chariot of holy fire and whose return was to signal the coming of messiah. The disciples are overcome, and who can blame them? And if that is not enough, there comes a voice from heaven, saying once again, "This is my beloved Son, with whom I am well pleased; listen to him."

Jesus' identity, "my Son", and his authority, "listen to him", are finally, fully and firmly established. Not even Peter at his most obtuse can misunderstand that Jesus is the fulfillment of the Law and the Prophets. He is the new Moses and the Messiah Elijah proclaims. He is the Son of

God who has his Father's approval, authority and love. And with all of that comes the first hint that there is even more - that Iesus is God. This is a concept so radical that the disciples understandably cannot and do not fully grasp it. (Indeed, many wrestle with it still.) In spite of all they have witnessed this day, how can they accept that this man, their old friend and master whom they have been with day in, day out for three years, have seen hot and tired, discouraged and dusty, hungry and thirsty, this teacher who is after all one of them, is also God and the Son of God? And yet that is the unthinkable identity with which they must now somehow come to terms.

In one sense Jesus is the same man they have known and loved all along, but because of this transfiguration their perception of him and their relationship with him have been radically altered. The true identity of Jesus has been revealed in all its resurrection glory, and now not only Jesus, but also Peter and James and John

have been touched and profoundly changed, and nothing between and among them will ever be the same. The heavenly vision fades and Jesus assumes his old appearance and easy manner, but for them all, the glory and the promise that have been revealed become a present reality, freeing them and us from our bondage to illusions and sustaining us for the darkness that awaits us on the road ahead.

Years before becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsay authored a wonderful little book entitled The Glory of God and the Transfiguration of Christ. In its final chapter he writes that the transfiguration "stands as a gateway to the saving events of the Gospel, and is as a mirror in which the Christian mystery is seen in its unity. Here we perceive that the living and the dead are one in Christ, that the old covenant and the new are inseparable, that the Cross and the glory are of one, that the age to come is already here, that our human nature has a destiny of glory, that in

Christ the final word is uttered and in him alone the Father is well pleased."

Jesus' disciples then and ever after learn that the glory of God that breaks into the world through his Christ transfigures not only Jesus, but also all those who follow him. We, who have been transfigured by him, now know his identity, his authority and the power of his love that compels us to search for the light of Christ within ourselves and within those around us, and to see and accept at last our glorious baptismal identity and authority as children of God, and sisters and brothers of Christ.

Like our sister Charlotte Ann, may this Feast of the Transfiguration find us all, by the grace of God, transfigured and transformed.

The Rev Dr M. L. Goldsmith,
Senior Fellow,
School of Theology, The
University of the South,
Sewanee

[This article is an excerpt from a sermon originally preached in 1988 at St. Mary's-on-the Highlands, Birmingham, Alabama; and later appearing as one of seven on a tape entitled "Demopolis Sermons," which benefited SPCK/USA.]

### WHAT IS FEAR OF GOD?

Recently an active Episcopalian in my area said that we need not pay any attention to what Paul or Jesus said about marriage and sexuality because neither was married and Paul was simply nuts. I would submit that this remark points to a critical problem in our church: as the ancients would put it, we do not fear God. Rather than trembling before God's words (Is 66:2), anxious to know what pleases God and feeling pained when we realize that we have displeased Him, we regard His Word as a series of human words which we are free to judge by the light of contemporary culture.

I've heard Episcopalians address God as if he were the neighborhood ice-cream man, only bigger. Or something like the Wizard of Oz, a being who has extraordinary power but is not essentially unlike us (I've heard some call God "the big man"). Yet God is essentially unlike us. He is holy and we are unholy. Our best intentions and deeds are

only "filthy rags" when seen in the blinding light of his pure love.

Scripture instructs us that we should approach God with the same awe and (proper) fear as the biblical saints displayed. Elijah was intimate with God, yet when he talked with God on the mountain he dared not show his face but "wrapped his face in his mantle" (1 Kings 19: 13). Moses spoke with God face to face, as one speaks to a friend (Ex 33: 11). Yet when he was nearest to God, on Mount Sinai, Moses "quickly bowed his head toward the earth and worshiped" (Ex 34:8). Even the spotless and glorious angels cover their faces before God's throne (Is 6).

Why was it that nearly every biblical saint who was approached by the presence of God fell to the ground in terror? Because of the holiness of God. They had the sense of something radically different, something totally other, a Being who could destroy them in an instant and not be unjust in destroying them. In comparison to

the absolute purity of this Being, they were filthy. God's fearsome otherness has a way of destroying all our pretensions and opening our eyes to what is really Real. As R. C. Sproul puts it, "When we encounter Him, the totality of our creatureliness breaks upon us and shatters the myth that we have believed about ourselves, that we are demi-gods, junior-grade deities who will try to live forever."

esus commended the tax collector for his fear of God. Because he knew his own moral filth, the tax collector dared not lift his eyes to heaven but beat his breast and cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner" (Lk 18:13). The woman "who was a sinner" (Lk 7) felt unworthy to come before Jesus, so she "stood behind him at his feet, weeping," bathing his feet with her tears, drying them with her hair, kissing them and anointing them with ointment. There is perhaps no other portion of Scripture that so beautifully illustrates proper fear of God: sorrow for sin and

desire to please that flows from love.

The great American theologian Jonathan Edwards (1703-58) said that the telltale mark of proper fear of God is conviction of sin. True grace promotes it, making the heart more tender. False spirituality, on the other hand, doesn't admit to sin. It rushes to defend itself or point the finger elsewhere when the Spirit exposes its sin. The result is a hardened heart that resists the

Spirit's work within.

Fear of God is a delicate subject. Several points need to be made for the sake of clarity. The first has to do with fear. In this day when we are discovering more about the nature and extent of child abuse, some have concluded that the Christian concept of fear of God reflects unhealthy parent-child relationships in the premodern world. But proper fear of God is not the child's servile fear of a capricious and domineering parent. Instead, it is the eagerness of a child who loves its daddy (an accurate translation of "abba," the Aramaic word Jesus used for God) and

wants to please him. Another misunderstanding is that the fear of God is rooted in a fear of hell. But the Bible is clear that proper fear of God springs from assurance of salvation. The psalmist writes, "Truly the eye of the LORD is on those who fear him, on those who hope in his steadfast love" (Ps 33:18). For the biblical authors, hope is not an uncertain wish but a confident expectation. So to "hope in his steadfast love" is to trust that God will save me. We find the same notion in Psalm 147:11: "The LORD takes pleasure in those who fear him, in those who hope in his steadfast love."

Proper fear of God is always allied with assurance of salvation. It is a "trembling with joy" (Ps 2:11). In fact, the more we are assured of salvation, the greater we will fear displeasing our Lord and the more tender our consciences will become. Why? Because as we grow in assurance, we will grow in love for the Assurer and thus grow more anxious not to hurt his heart.

At the same time we will

grow in holy boldness. We will be more confident to come before God because of Christ's blood and righteousness, but less confident in ourselves. For the more assured we are of salvation from hell. the more we will feel worthy of hell. Paradoxically, then, we grow stronger as we feel weaker. Our fear (of sinning against God) increases as we become more and more confident of our protection (from sin and hell). As Edwards put it, "The saint has the firmest comfort, but the softest heart: richer than others, but poorest of all in spirit: the tallest and strongest saint, but the least and tenderest child amongst them "

> - The Rev Dr Gerald R. McDermott

[Gerald R. McDermott teaches religion at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia, and is an associate priest at St John's in Roanoke, Virginia. This article is based on a selection from his book Seeing God: Jonathan Edwards and Spiritual Discernment (Regent College Publishing).]

### HOUSE OF THE LORD

LORD, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth. –

Ps 26:8

I recall vividly my first visit to Canterbury Cathedral in the summer of 1996. I had taken an early morning London train to the city and spent the entire day touring the cathedral. In the evening I sat in the choirstalls listening to Evensong. As the choir sang the beautiful Collects and Psalm from the matchless 1662 Book of Common Prayer, I discovered my eyes doing something they hadn't done in some time. They were weeping. Suddenly I was overwhelmed by God's grandeur, the Christian Faith's timelessness, and my own smallness. The vaulted ceiling, the pillars, the monuments, the stained glass windows, and effigy tombs all combined to put me in my proper place in the universe.

There is something almost paradoxical about church buildings. On the one hand,

of course, they are simply stone and mortar assembled together to form a structure that serves a utilitarian function - namely, people regularly meeting together. Yet on the other hand these buildings assume a significance that far surpasses their pecuniary or practical value. Truly, we can affirm ad infinitum that it is the collection of individual believers gathering together in a local fellowship who constitute "the church;" nevertheless, we Anglicans love our houses of worship and consider them "church." I will argue rightly SO.

Why do church buildings have such significance for us?

They are important to us, first of all, because we create memories in them. Our parents were married in this church building. We were baptized here. Our children will be married here. And should the Lord tarry His return we will be eulogized and buried from here. We worship here. We pray here. We are touched here.

One of the lamentable trends in modern life is an

almost universal ignorance of and disregard for history. But history is important. None of us was hatched ex nihilo. We all have a history—a family history, a Christian historythat is uniquely ours, and that contributes to our identity and brings meaning and direction to our lives. The house of God plays an important role in all this. It becomes the stage where our significant memories are created, and the place where God shapes us into the people He destines us to be.

The church building is important to us, secondly, because God is there. David cries out in Psalm 26:8 that he loved God's house because He loved God, and that place was where the Lord's glory and honor dwelt. It should never cease to amaze us that Almighty God condescends to be wherever His people gather in His name "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," Jesus said, "I will be in the midst of them."

(Matt. 18:20)

Like the psalmist, we cherish and long to be in this humble habitation of timber

and stone because the glory that robes the God of the universe resides here every time we gather to praise His name.

And finally, the church building is important to us because it elevates us to the infinite. For most of the week we are occupied by the mundane, the ordinary, the earthbound: mortgage payments; the transmission that needs repair; the kids' runny noses; the next door neighbor's dog that barks all night. But one day a week we gather to a place that transcends the everyday, and transports us from the finite to the infinite. Going to God's house is not like going to the garage, the grocery store, or the local saloon. The church building, by its very nature, points our often limited vision away from the ordinary to the transcendent and eternal. And we need that.

The New York Times Magazine once had a cover on which was pictured a lovely church. The caption read: "Built with more than hands." Amen.

- The Rev Quintin Morrow, St Andrew's, Fort Worth, Texas

### **GOING FOR IT**

There are a couple of extremely small parishioners who are routinely part of our ten o'clock worship at Saint Mark's. They have been regular in attendance since they were baptized here when they were just wee fellas.

Actually one of them has recently become very fond of my sermons. I know this because he has taken to making comment on each intricate point or clever illustration. While he is still pre-verbal, I like to imagine that his comments are pious exclamations of the kind that preachers seldom hear in Episcopal churches — things like "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" and "Preach it, brother!"

Well, I can dream!

Anyway, the other day both of these guys made their usual visit to the rail of Saint Mark's altar, each carried by his father. As I approached them, one of my friends had been set on the rail itself, looking every bit the little man.

As I was giving his father the communion wafer, this little guy reached forward to grab the shiny ciborium, the round box that holds the Bread of Heaven. He didn't have to reach far as I leaned forward and I didn't realize that his chubby little fingers had closed around the lip of the box. It wasn't until I began to stand back up that I realized the container was not fully in my control.

If my eager little friend had been just a bit stronger, he would have succeeded in wrenching the ciborium from my hand, no doubt with some interesting results. I suspect that the heavier-thanit-looks chunk of silver would not have stayed in those diminutive digits that clutched at it. I suspect that the consecrated bits of bread it holds would have spilled all over the floor. I suspect that spill would have resulted in a real interesting scene with yours truly scrambling around on all fours like some sort of fat, purple spider.

I was able to keep my hold, however, along with my presence of mind and (if you think about that purple spispider thing) my dignity and moved on to the next communicant while my little friend beamed at me from

sparkling clear eyes.

I hadn't gone but a couple more steps when I realized how significant that short, sweet interaction really was and the realization brought a smile to my lips that some of you may have seen, and a tear to my eye that I'm sure no one did.

You see, Jesus said that unless we come to the Kingdom of God as a child, we will never get there. If we don't lay aside the baggage of our lives and gaze upon the wonders of heaven with clear, unhooded, unblindered eyes we may never see them. If we don't grab for the shining brightness, the luminous glory of the fullness of God's gifts for us we will never see that fullness in our own lives.

It's only a bit of not-sogood-tasting bread in a shiny piece of metal - or is it?

> – The Very Rev Richard J. Martindale, Dean, St Mark's Pro-Cathedral, Hastings, Nebraska

### A LOVE NOTE

I wish for ... Comfort on difficult days, Smiles when sadness intrudes.

Rainbows to follow the clouds,

Laughter to kiss your lips, Gentle hugs when spirits sag,

Friendships to brighten your being,

Beauty for your eyes to see, Confidence for when you doubt.

Faith so that you can believe,

Courage to know yourself, Patience to accept the truth.

And love to complete your life.

- The Anchor, St Clement's, Tampa, Florida





### **NORTHERN LIGHTS**



Canadians and Americans are so much alike that it is easy for them to miss how very different our countries are in certain respects.

I suspect many American readers would be surprised by how hostile the Canadian government is to religion. On the face of it this seems a paradox. America has a constitutionally enshrined separation of Church and State, but its politicians earnestly invoke God and have themselves photographed coming out of church, Bible in hand. Canada has historically never separated Church and State, yet the great majority of its politicians, if they go to church at all, do so with a bag over their heads and duck for cover if they see a camera.

The Canadian Primate, Michael Peers, began the year with a mild attack on the Government for its determination to drive the Churches from public life. It was provoked by the odd memorial ceremony on Parliament Hill following the events of

September 11 that, in contrast to the American and British observances, was led not by religious leaders but by a politician and two political appointees. God was not mentioned and no cleric was permitted to speak.

This was intentional. The Government thinks that the best way to preserve a pluralist and free country is to make the discussion of religion taboo for anyone who holds public office.

The Primate argued that this made little sense in view of the Government's support for 'multiculturalism' since culture cannot be separated from the religion. He said that ignoring all religions equally wasn't likely to do much for religious tolerance or mutual understanding — in fact it would only foster in religious communities a sense of alienation and hostility to the outside world.

Struggles between the Church and the State are as old as Christianity itself. For centuries Christians argued about the supremacy of the Pope or the Emperor, the bishops or the king. But in the past the struggle was generally about the role of religion in public life. Today it is about whether it should have any role at all.

It is disappointing to see a national Canadian columnist like Robert Fulford suggest that Anglicans would take over the government and impose a theocracy if only they could. "It is a habit of religions to expand," he wrote. In an article on the Primate's address, Mr. Fulford argued that religion is irrational and repressive in contrast to secularism which is purely reasonable and liberating. Recently another journalist, A.C. Grayling, was even blunter, suggesting that the "devotees of religion" hope to "succeed in taking us back to ignorance, superstition and the human squalor of moralistic bondage." But my favorite comment on this subject was by Liberal Senator Laurier LaPierre who on March 12 argued in Parliament that all religions are essentially the same and governed by woman-hating clergy — "men wearing skirts. The Taliban", he sniffed,"who also wear skirts, were only following the dictates of tradition."

G.K. Chesterton wrote that "there are only two kinds of people; those who accept dogmas and know it, and those who accept dogmas and don't know it." It is ridiculous to argue that the Church is about dogmas and the state is about reason: religion is not unreasonable and secularism is partly dogmatic. For example, the American Declaration of Independence states "We hold these truths to be self-evident." Self-evident? There's an article of faith for you. And in Canada our 1982 Charter of Rights is now treated with a reverence formerly reserved for Holy Writ.

Perhaps Senator LaPierre is naive enough to imagine himself an apostle of reason but I doubt it. I think he knows full well that he is in disagreement with some of the Church's historic teaching and so would like to exclude the Church from public life for ideological reasons. If the positions he and other politicians and jour-

nalists espouse were better grounded in reason or natural law, they would feel less need

to gag their critics.

Neither he nor the other journalists on this bandwagon can honestly believe that democracy in Canada is threatened by the Churches which have never been smaller or politically weaker - or by Canadian Muslims, Jews, Hindus or Buddhists. What many politicians fear is exposing the fact that their own ideology is far from objective, and that their commitment to it is nearly religious. When they talk about 'Canadian values' they usually mean 'my values' — a fact that religious leaders are quick to point out.

Because the opposition parties in Canada are so divided, Canadians live in what is effectively a one-party state run from the Prime Minister's office. While we are a long way from totalitarianism Canadians do well to consider what precisely totalitarianism is: the denial of all authorities but those of the state. Political freedom exists where the government protects and encourages religious and other insti-

tutions and upholds them as a positive contribution to the nation. The Government isn't the nation, and it cannot be the Church.

When I watched the memorial service on Parliament Hill. I couldn't help thinking how it failed to rise to the occasion. Without religion, there was no grounds for consolation to the grieving, no articulated hope for the departed, just the staged sympathy of politicians pretending to embody a people whose most cherished beliefs they fear and deny. As a Canadian I felt ashamed; as a Christian I felt disenfranchised. When they die, our Ministers Governors General all have state funerals in churches. It is a scandal that our current incumbents denied the same benefit of clergy to the victims of September 11.



— The Rt Rev Anthony Burton, Bishop of Saskatchewan



### HILLSPEAKING

HIRTY years is a long time. It is a time span here on Grindstone Mountain that has seen a succession of four-footed furry "greeters" welcome visitors to

Hillspeak.

First, there were three dogs: Sam and Becky, Border collies, and Hanky Panky, a three-legged mutt of uncertain ancestry. It was for Hanky Panky's convenience that the old stairs from the basement to the first floor of the Barn were carpeted.

After the canine trio came a succession of feline greeters. The first, Bandit, came to Hillspeak from North Carolina pregnant and her kittens, Matthew, Mark, Lucy and John, were delivered in the pantry of the Old Residence. Subsequent and closer inspection revealed that Matthew should have been named Matthea. Lucy stayed on with Bandit as the Hillspeak Cats; the mis-

named Matthew fell victim to an eagle or a hawk at an early age and John, too, came to a bitter fate: he was adopted by a lawyer. Mark was renamed Luke Skywalker (his papa was named Chewbacca), moved to Texas, came back to Hillspeak, and lived out his life in California.

Bandit, the undisputed Queen of the Barn (to be truthful, there were disputes but they all ended in Bandit's favor), died of old age at 18+ (we never really knew her exact age). Lucy, despite the filial tie, was among the cats denied access to the Barn (Bandit was a stern parent) along with Rasputin, a stray that came in out of the woods and earned his name because of his raspy meow, and Pete (another misnomer, she should have been Pita), rescued by one of our granddaughters in Texas.

Lucy, Rasputin and Pete have all joined Bandit under the apple tree in front of the Old Residence.

About eighteen months before Bandit died, Gray showed up from out of the woods. She also was pregnant when she arrived and delivered her four kittens, Enie, Menie, Minie and Moe, in the tractor shed. Enie and Menie died young, but Minie and Moe, along with Gray, are still with us. Now the undisputed Queen of the Barn, Gray is more lenient than Bandit. She lets tonicats in the Barn on sufferance - as long as they behave.

Two more cats and two dogs nowadays make up the greeters group. Ptolemy, a black cat with seven white hairs on his belly, also came out of the woods and earned his name because he looks like an Egyptian temple cat. Ubi (for ubiquitous) was given to us by a priest friend who said she showed up unannounced at his barn).

Godfrey, part Border collie and part German shepherd, is the official greeter at Hillspeak. The mailman speaks first to Godfrey, then to any bipeds who happen to be around; and if delivery men are not greeted by Godfrey they want to know where he is. Finally, there is Baby, a terrier mutt from Texas: her bark is bigger than she is, and her whole rear end wriggles with her tail, thus belying her bark.

Come to Hillspeak and be welcomed in style — by Baby, Godfrey, Gray, Minie, Moe, Ptolemy or Ubi — or by all seven of them.

- The Trustees' Warden

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### MRS BRIERLEY'S POUND CAKE

Mrs Claire Brierley, a long time member of Saint Paul's, was famous for her wedding and special occasion cakes. When the Rev Dr Roderic Murray began holding a Christmas Eve afternoon Eucharist for children, Mrs Brierley's pound cake recipe was used to make the annual birthday cake for the Birthday Party for Jesus which followed the service.

1/2 cup (1 stick) butter, softened

1/2 cup (1 stick) margarine, softened

1/2 cup shortening

3 cups sugar

5 extra-large eggs at room temperature

3 cups flour

1/4 tsp salt

1 tsp vanilla extract

1 tsp almond extract

1 tsp butter flavoring

1 cup milk

1/2 tsp baking powder

Cream the butter, margarine, shortening, and sugar in a bowl with an electric mixer until light and fluffy. Add the eggs, one at a time,

beating well after each addition. Mix the flour and salt together. Add two tablespoons of the flour mixture and vanilla, almond, and butter flavorings to the egg mixture and mix well.

Add the remaining flour mixture and milk alternately beating at low speed after each addition until just combined and ending with flour. Beat in the baking powder. Pour the batter into a greased and floured 9X13-inch cake pan or 10-inch tube pan. Place the pan on 3 layers of wet bath towels. Fold an additional wet towel into a thin strip and wrap around the side of pan, securing with a pin. Place wrapped pan in a cold oven. Bake at 350° F for 1 1/2 hours. Cool in the pan for 10 minutes. Invert onto a serving plate.

From PAST & REPAST, Recipes and Remembrances from Saint Paul's Church, Augusta, Georgia, by permission. The 250th Anniversary cookbook from historical Saint Paul's Church is available by writing the church at 605 Reynold's Street, Augusta, GA 30901. They may be contacted by telephone at (706) 724-2485.

### CALLED TO MISSION IN LOVE

I have repeatedly said that mission is the main thing in the life of the church. I believe that passionately. We must keep mission at the center of our life in Christ; or else we too easily succumb to a maintenance mode that is slow death for the church. Jesus said, "Go into all the world." He did not say, "stay." He said, "go." Our pews are not meant to be comfortable armchairs. They are meant to be springboards for apostolic action. Mission, however, has to follow vision. It is essential to know what we are to go to do.

Mission is how we carry out our vision. Our vision must be clear. To know what our vision for the church should be we must start with God's vision. Verna Dozier speaks of this as "the dream of God." Jesus spoke of it as the Kingdom of God. God's dream is of a world made whole, where people know the divine love and live in harmony with God, with one

another, and with the creatures of the earth. This is how God made the world in the beginning and how God means to restore the world in Christ. God's vision is community, peace, and the full flourishing of all life.

The story is told of a person who was given the opportunity to visit both heaven and hell. In hell he saw a vision of a vast, endless table with people gathered around it. On the table lay every food and drink imaginable, prime rib, caviar, Dom Perignon, pecan pie. But all the people's arms were in splints and none could get the food to their mouths. Horrified by the vision of hell, he went to heaven and to his surprise saw the same sight, the vast table covered with every possible delight and people whose arms were in splints gathered around. The only difference was that here they were feeding each other. That parabolic story is a vision of the community for which God made the world.

Redeeming all life for such mutuality and peace with God and one another is what the entire Biblical story is about. It is possible only through knowing God and the power of God's transforming love.

In the simplest theological terms, we believe that God is love and that we are made in God's image. The three persons of God the Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are a community of love. All creation, all reality is meant to reflect this community of love. We are made by love, in the image of love, for love. Reality tells us, and the news daily reminds us, that we have fallen from the community of love for which we are made.

We have lost and distorted the image of God. We have fallen into sin and become separated from God and one another, consumed by our selfish agendas and needs. To echo Walker Percy, we know that we are creatures in trouble and we are seeking to get out of it. Our post-modern world is filled with seekers, people seeking love, seeking community, seeking meaning, seeking — whether they know it or not — for God and the

peace which God gives. The pain of our world is the absence of love. God never has given up on us.

In the Biblical story God has revealed his love and the way to the peace and community that have been lost. In the Incarnation God has made his home with us in Jesus and restored in us the image of God. Jesus came to love us back to God and to one another. The way to peace is love, always and simply love, the love that God gives to the world in Christ.

Leilhard de Chardin, the great paleontologist theologian, once wrote these moving words, "Someday, after mastering the winds, the waves, the tides, and gravity, we will harness for God the energies of love, and then, for a second time in the history of the world, man will have discovered fire." That is God's dream, for the energies of love to be discovered and harnessed for the healing of the world. God wants the world to be, as the great hymn says, "one great fellowship of love, throughout the whole wide earth." This is what our ministry as Christ's people is all about.

All ministry is love taking form. Ministry is liberating people to be committed to the dream of God. Ministry is living our faith that God does make all things new. Every Holy Eucharist, every ministry of outreach, every Bible study and small group, every sermon, every Cursillo and group reunion, every camp at our diocesan conference center, every baptism, marriage, funeral, and confirmation, every mission trip is meant to be such an experience of divine love. This is the overarching purpose of all that we do, to show forth the love of Christ.

Through our life the love of Christ is meant to flow out like a river into our homes and offices, our inner cities and schools and malls and hospitals and prisons. When people are touched by it there is a new creation. Two weeks following September 11 I had a call from a friend who admitted that he had not been

as close to the church as he should have been lately. He had been touched by our ministry in the wake of the tragedy and called simply to thank me and to say that what we do makes a real difference. "Do not forget that," he said. Let us not forget that. God's vision makes a difference. It is a vision of people being transformed by divine love and committed to "restoring all people to unity with God and each other in Christ."

As the church we are privileged to be stewards of this vision. To be sure, it is always imperfectly reflected in our life. It is a reality never complete, always yet to come in its fullness. We have this treasure in earthen vessels. But it is treasure no less, the treasure that all people seek deep in their hearts. When it is found people are willing to give up all they have to possess and be possessed by it.

A church that understands the vision of God is one that is reaching out to spread the love of Christ like the sower in our Lord's parable sowed the seed, boldly, inclusively, generously, without holding back. It is a church committed to making disciples and equipping all persons for ministry. It is a church where liturgy is a transforming experience and where a positive Gospel is preached that touches the heart. It is a church that gives more away than it keeps for itself. It is a church eager to plant new congregations and committed to serving the poor as generously as Christ has served us. That is the Body of Christ that we are meant to be. When we are being such a church the Body of Christ grows and makes a real difference in the world.

The dream of God is what has brought us here. God longs for the community of love that is his life to be reflected in us. God's vision of the transformation of lives and the healing of the earth is the source of our life. Let us keep it ever before us as a beacon in the night. It is the well-spring from which all our mission and planning must emanate. To help us keep our sights on this let me, in conclusion, offer you a vision

statement for our ministry as a diocese. It is simply this: We are servants of Jesus Christ, being transformed by the love of God, committed to being disciples, making disciples, and boldly doing the work of love in the world. I hope that those words are simple enough to remember and challenging enough to call forth our best as the church in the Diocese of Alabama. I charge us today to make this our uniting vision in the Diocese of Alabama. I charge us to be people through whom the love of God is known and spread far and wide. I charge us to be passionate about building the church and the renewing of the world. The times are urgent and the need for the Gospel is great. With our Presiding Bishop and fine new Bishop Suffragan Mark let us take hold of this vision. Let us live it in our lives and in our churches. Let us give ourselves unselfishly and unceasingly for the dream of God until all things are made new.

- The Rt Rev Henry N. Parsley, Jr, Bishop of Alabama

### CREAM OF THE CROP



The Episcopal Book Club's current selection, by the Rev Richard H. Schmidt, a retired Episcopal priest who served parishes in West Virginia, Missouri, and Alabama, and sometime managing edi-

tor of The Episcopalian, takes its title,
Glorious Companions,
from a passage,
which he quotes in
the Introduction,
from Thomas Traherne's Centuries of
Meditations.

This selection offers a look inside the hearts and minds of the thinkers who have shaped Anglican spirituality over the past five centuries – John Donne, George Herbert, Dorothy L. Sayers, Madeleine L'Engle, and many more. In fact there are twenty-nine

such ranging over the years from Thomas Cranmer to Desmond Tutu. These icons of the Christian faith include not only bishops and scholars but also housewives, poets, novelists and teachers.



The author writes for the laity and eschews ecclesiastical language in a lively style that brings readers into direct contact with some the the Church's most admired and

revered witnesses. Glorious Companions will be valued as an insightful biographical addition to any library.

For membership information about the EPISCOPAL BOOK CLUB please turn the page.

THE Episcopal Book Club's membership, figured on an annual (but not calendar) year basis, provides members with four carefully selected classic or contemporary books for \$39, postpaid, in the United States or \$45 outside the U.S. (in U.S. funds). Membership may be entered or renewed any time during the calendar year and will consist of the next four books selected. Written by articulate and informed authors, each book is fully guaranteed; any book not

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### **CREDENTIALS**

I believe in credentials. want my doctor to be licensed and my lawyer to have passed the bar exam. I rely on others more knowledgeable than myself for all kinds of things. When my wife and I were celebrating our twentyfifth wedding anniversary, we went to a restaurant recommended by someone with wide experience in eating out. You could tell by the menu that they really knew what they were doing. It was full of dishes I had never heard of. I finally ordered something like fillet of Chilean Sea Bass cooked in a reduction of beet juice with mango chutney accompanied by risotto di verdure with freshly ground grana. I was reassured when our knowledgeable waiter approved of my selection. "Good choice," he said. When the bill arrived, I realized that the food had been even better than it had tasted. a good bit better in fact.

I accept the experts' word for it that Schoenberg's music is better than it sounds and that Salvador Dali's paintings are better than they look. But every now and then the experts get it wrong. In a letter to his wife on 31 May 1942, Evelyn Waugh recounted the following experience:

No. 3 Commando was very anxious to be chums with Lord Glascow [on whose estate they were bivouacked], so they offered to blow up an old tree stump for him and he was very grateful and he said, "Don't spoil the plantation of young trees near it because that is the apple of my eye." They said. "No, of course not, we can blow a tree down so that it falls on a sixpence." And Lord Glascow said, "Goodness you are clever." So Col. Durnford-Slater DSO said to his subaltern, "Have you put enough explosive in the tree?" "Yes sir, I worked it out by mathematics. It is exactly right." Then they all went out to see the explosion and Col. DS DSO said, "You will see that tree fall flat at just that angle where it will hurt no young trees." And Lord Glascow said, "Goodness you are

clever." So soon they lit the fuse and waited for the explosion and presently the tree, instead of falling sideways, rose fifty feet into the air taking with it 1/2 acre of soil and the whole of the young plantation. And the subaltern said, "Sir, I made a mistake, it should have been 7 1/2 lbs not 75" (The Oxford Book of Military

Anecdotes, p. 404).

Jesus of Nazareth was rejected by the doctors of the law because He had no credentials. He was not a member of a recognized religious group like the Pharisees or Sadducees. He was not born and trained for his job as a priest was. Though He read (Lk. 4:16) and commented on the Scriptures, He was not one of the scribes who studied and copied them. Though called "Rabbi" by some (Jn. 1:38,49), He had not studied with a recognized rabbi as St Paul had done with Gamaliel (Acts 22:3). First century synagogue services were lay-led like our Morning Prayer. If a learned man were present, he might give a teaching on the Scripture readings. When Jesus began teaching in his hometown synagogue, the people said, "'Where did this man get this wisdom? Is this not the carpenter's son? Where then did this man get all this?' And they took offense at him." (Mt. 13:54ff, NRSV).

It was not just who Jesus was but also what He said that the doctors of the law rejected. All fields of learning have canons of respectable thought that exclude crackpot ideas. Sometimes the canons get in the way. Clyde Kluckholm, who taught anthropology at Harvard, enjoyed pointing out that none of the men whose thought had been decisive for our time, viz., Darwin, Marx, Freud and Einstein, were academics when they did their ground breaking work. "By the time a man has earned a doctorate", Kluckholm claimed, "he has been rewarded so long and so often for regurgitating received wisdom that all originality has been leeched from his brain."

In theology, received wisdom is called orthodoxy. Departure from it is heresy.

Jesus was a heretic. In the Sermon on the Mount, especially in Matthew 5:21-48, he presumed to revise the Mosaic Law.

But, since Judaism was more concerned with practice than theory, the scribes condemned him most vehemently for what he did. When a paralytic was lowered on a litter into the room where Jesus was teaching, Jesus said, "Son, your sins are forgiven." The scribes' response? "Why does this fellow speak in this way? It is blasphemy! Who can forgive sins but God alone?" (Mk. 2:5-7). Blasphemy was a capital crime. It was the charge brought against him at his trial (e.g. Mk. 14:64).

A big reason I believe Jesus was the Messiah of God is that he was not the Messiah we expected, not the Messiah we wanted and not the Messiah we accepted. Credentials are important, but every now and then the experts get it wrong.

- The Rev Sam Todd, Associate Rector, Palmer Memorial, Houston, Texas

### A SIGN OF THE TIMES

"We're here for you." Is it just me or does the Episcopal Church's new slogan sound like the tagline for an insurance company? I'm sure this is at least as comforting as knowing that "Nationwide is on your side" or that "Like a good neighbor, State Farm is there." No matter what you endure, whether an act of God or personal tribulation, we'll be there for you. So, what's your deductible?

If you haven't noticed by now, the new "We're here for you" slogan has been slowly creeping into the Church's public persona. You may have seen it on the outdoor church sign being sold by Episcopal Parish Services or on the National Church's website. The new sign has the Episcopal Church shield coming in at an angle to give it, presumably, a hipper and more current look. Though, as my rector pointed out, it actually looks like it's collapsed.

Ask anyone who's been to an Episcopal seminary and they can undoubtedly tell you about our good friend Edwin Friedman. The late rabbi and family therapist wrote his classic textbook Generation to Generation to help clergy understand and function effectively in congregational situations. One of his tenets is the inevitable existence of the "identified patient" in any family system. In essence, the identified patient is the scapegoat upon whom all the responsibility for a given system's dysfunction gets heaped. We ourselves could not possibly be responsible for problems within a system so we point our fingers at the identified patient. It's convenient because it takes all the accountability away from us and, besides, everyone knows that whenever anything goes wrong, it's the identified patient's fault.

The familiar "The Episcopal Church Welcomes You" sign that we've all grown up with has become the Church's latest "identified patient." In certain circles it's become nothing more than a metaphor for all that's wrong with the Episcopal Church.

The image of a bent, rusted, and barely readable sign half obscured by overgrown brush has become the symbol of failed Church growth efforts. There's no doubt that if the sign itself is a parish's most compelling form of evangelism, there is indeed a problem. But, please, lay off the sign. Its message might be simple, its design might be somewhat out-of-date but it's served us well for the past 55 years. In fact, it really bears more of an anti-slogan than anything else. The message is so straightforward that it's merely a statement rather than an attempt at a clever marketing ploy. There's some charm in this. The Church is not a product to be sold and it's certainly not a faceless business conglomerate in search of an identity. We already have the most compelling message in the world: salvation through Jesus Christ.

So what purpose do these "The Episcopal Church Welcomes You" signs serve anyway? First and foremost, they're helpful to Episcopalians who are looking for a

Church in a new town or an untried vacation spot. There's something comforting about driving down a back road in unfamiliar territory and spotting one of our signs. Who hasn't driven by one and quickly turned around to see the church steeple and wonder what the building might look like inside? It's good to know that if you ever did find yourself in this particular town on a Sunday morning, you'd have a place to worship. The signs, then, are helpful to those who already know the Episcopal Church.

No one is arguing that they are powerful tools for congregational development. They are not magnets to draw unchurched folks into the pews. They don't cause non-Episcopal drivers who turn a corner and suddenly come upon one of the signs, to go careening into a telephone pole because a euphoric trance has irresistibly drawn them to our particular understanding of the faith. That's not the point.

Sorry to break the news, but the familiar signs are not responsible for the decline in

Church membership over the past five and a half decades. And a new slogan on a newly designed sign, by itself, is never going to draw anyone into an Episcopal church. There is indeed hard work to be done. The 20/20 Task Force, charged with helping the Episcopal Church double its membership by the year 2020, has started this difficult but crucial effort. And we can all do our part as individuals and as parishes by welcoming, introducing, and proclaiming Christ to others. The Church's problems will not be solved by an image makeover but only through actual renewal. The Episcopal Church must welcome you and countless others if it is to fulfill its mission in the world. There can be no argument that the Church must be there for all sorts and conditions of people. But after all, shouldn't the point really be that it's Jesus Christ himself who is "here for us"?

> - The Rev Timothy E. Schenck, Curate, Old St Paul's Church, Baltimore, Maryland

Theses from our Cathedral Door . . .

### THE ONE WAY TO PLURALISM



The pre-Socratic Greek philosopher Parmenides was the first thinker on record to tackle the problem of the one vs. the many. How can oneness, or unity, be reconciled with many-ness, or diversity? It is certainly the high-profile question for our period in world history. It is also the highest-profile question for Christianity and for our Episcopal expression of Christianity, in particular. How can our one church "include" the many-ness of its disagreements and differences.

On the down side: elevating "diversity" to the category of highest good will not cut it. You can talk all you want about "inclusion" but if the right is excluded by the left – as it has been for a long time – then all such talk is a dead letter. As long as bishops refuse to allow candidates for the ministry to attend Nashotah House for example, all talk of diversity is a dead letter.

On the plus side: we need to learn from John Bruton. Mr. Bruton was Taoiseach (President) of the Republic of Ireland from 1994 to 1997. His attitude towards the Protestant minority there, even the toughies among them, was exemplary. In 1998, for example, during the Drumcree crisis, Bruton called on the Catholics or Nationalists of Portadown, who had won a legal victory in preventing the Protestant loyal orders from marching through their community, to offer those same Protestants a "unilateral and uncalled for gesture of generosity." Mr. Bruton called on his fellow Nationalists to allow the Protestants to march down the Garvaghy Road.

In 1999 Mr. Bruton, a Catholic, addressed these words to Northern Irish Protestants: "I would like to reflect briefly on what the world owes to Irish Evangelicals... The democrat-

ic character of your churches, right back to their foundations, are a gift to the world." Such words are a powerful antidote to feelings of defensiveness and excludedness. They affirm, and therefore diminish the angularity. This sort of appeal is called grace.

There is only one way to pluralism: to affirm actively the good in your neighbor's

position.

-The Very Rev. Paul F.M. Zahl, Dean, Church of the Advent, Bimingham, Alabama



### OPERATION PASS ALONG REPORT

Operation Pass Along continues its expanding outreach, connecting donors and those in need of books, vestments, and clerical items. In one day, donations of books arrived from Seaside, Oregon and Myrtle Beach, South Carolina - testimony indeed to the wide ranging participation of you, our readers. Thanks to generous donations of \$1,000 from All Saints, Fort Worth, Texas, and \$500 from an individual, as well as donations from requesters who add a bit extra to shipping costs, we have been able to fill requests from Mexico, Uganda, and the Philippines. A new request for theological books came in from Nigeria and is being filled. There is also an ever increasing number of students and readers in North America who are finding titles, many out of print, on the shelves. These are available to everyone for the cost of shipping - never a charge for the books.

Our thanks to the church in Virginia that sent Taylor's The Gospel According to St Mark and Hoskyn's The Fourth Gospel. We were unable to acknowledge the dona- them to the needy Clergy tion because the return in our Diocese and we tion because the return

For a sense of the reach of this minstry, here are some brief notes we have received.

A request from the Rev Carlos Veintimilla for the seminary library of the Diocese of Litoral - Ecuador:

Lay people, seminarians and clergy will be able to consult them. We need to learn more of the Episcopal Church and Anglicanism and any document on these subjects will be of great help. Faithfully yours.

From the Rt Rev Samuel Balagadde Ssekkadde, Bishop of Namirembe, Kampala, Uganda:

Thanks to Operation Pass Along for sending to me Clerical Vestments for our Clergy. I have received Cassocks and an altar Cloth for use. Please thank all those persons who graciously gave

out their Cassocks to be used by the Clergy who find it extremely difficult to make ends meet financially. We have already distributed address was obliterated.

> Similarly, from the Rt Rev Emer F. Foja, Bishop of the Diocese of Romblon and Mindoro in the Philippines:

Greetings of love and gratitude to all of you. This is to acknowledge receipt of two boxes of Religious Vestments sent to the Diocese of Romblon and Mindoro. My priests are very happy and thankful for this matter. We have all uniform black cassocks for conducting Sacramental services and ministry. Our hope and prayer for your benevolence. God bless us all in our ministry to the Lord and our fellowmen.

And finally, a note from a donor who generously gave of her treasure:

The surplice was made by a 74 year old Altar Guild Directress for my late husband, the Rev A. Benjamin Narbeth, at St Matthias, Philadelphia. All the stitches were put in by hand. The Latin cassock I made for him when he was ordained priest at St John's, Ashland, Pennsylvania in 1947. He retired in 1973 but remained active in supply work until 1992. He passed away in 1999. I wish you every success in the Operation Pass Along Project. — Dorothy D. Narbeth

Donations of books, vestment items, and money are

always welcomed - even the smallest contributions have far reaching impact in worldwide Christian ministry. We also remind those seeking to build a home or church library that there are generally about 12,000 books on the shelves, waiting to find a good home. With the volume of books coming in and leaving, let us know if there are specific titles you need. Call weekdays from 9-4 Central Time at (479)253-9701 or conus by e-mail speak@speakinc.org

## A Form of Godliness

How the Episcopal Church Counterfeited
The Book of Common Prayer

by The Rev. Jerome F. Politzer, BD, STM

This illuminating booklet gives the reader, whether clerical or lay, an understanding of the root cause of the present unhappy condition of the Episcopal Church.

Order now by filling out this order form and mailing to: ETF (Episcopalians for Traditional Faith Inc.) P.O. Box 361, Mill Neck, NY 11765-0361

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### AND IN ALL PLACES



\*JOHN C. POLKINGHORNE, a mathematical physicist who amazed his scientific colleagues over 20 years ago by becoming an Anglican priest, won the 2002 Templeton Prize, one of the most prestigious awards in the field of religion. Long associated with the University of Cambridge, the Rev Polkinghorne, 71, is a leading figure in attempting to bridge the worlds of science and religion.

\*\*ORDERS OF PREACHERS ANGLICAN (Dominicans) celebrates three years of existence in 2002. Six persons, clergy and lay, will be making life professions in Shreveport, Louisiana on St Dominic's Day, August 8. Master of the order is the Rev Dr Jeffrey A. Mackey.

\*PRIEST'S FAITH SAVED HIM FROM A LIFE OF CRIME: The Rev Bernard Osburn, St Matthias, Oakdale, California, is not a typical priest. Few clergy members have shot heroin into their veins, burglarized

stores or served time in San Quentin. The 60-year-old priest credits Jesus Christ with giving him the strength to turn away from a life of crime 35 years ago.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE DAME ELIZABETH BUTLER-SLOSS was appointed to be chair of the Crown Appointments Commission, the body that oversees the selection of a new archbishop of Canterbury. The commission consists of thirteen voting members and three non-voting members.

THE DIOCESE OF CALIF-ORNIA has published two landmark books. The first, From Gold Rush to Millennium, celebrates 150 years of diocesan history. The story actually reaches back to the first use of the English Prayer Book on the California coast in 1579 by the chaplain of Sir Frances Drake's exploration of the Pacific coast of North America. The second book, Modern Profiles of an Ancient Faith, chronicles the lives of forty extraordinary California Episcopalians as told by themselves. These books are available from The Diocese of California. Call (415)673-5015 or visit their web site at diocal.org for additional information.

THE VERY REV JOHN BRYSON CHANE, dean of St Paul's Cathedral, San Diego, California, was elected Eighth Bishop of Washington. His consecration is planned for June 2002.

THE SOCIETY OF THE SERVANTS OF THE LORD, an Anglican community for single men and women following the Benedictine rule of life, has been founded in the Diocese of Central Florida. For information contact St Anne's Church in Crystal River, Florida by e-mail at stannes@fx2.com or by phone at (352) 795-2176.

THE CONSORTIUM OF ENDOWED EPISCOPAL PARISHES, a national organization head-quartered at Seabury-Western Theological Seminary in Evanston, Illinois elected a new board president,

Katherine Tyler Scott, an active member of Trinity in Indianapolis. Incorporated in 1985 with 11 parishes and assistance from the Lilly Endowment the Consortium now includes 92 parishes throughout the country. Members believe that endowments are held in trust for Christian witness, and seek to be catalysts for evangelism and mission.

\*\*Dr R. Steven Notley, collaborator with the late David Flusser on the book, Jesus (see We Recommend in the Easter 2002 issue of The Anglican Digest) is currently Professor of Bible at Nyack College in New York City and is now residing in the United States.

MY WILL, an article appearing on pp 30-31 of the LENT, 2002, issue of TAD is the work of G. Roger Schoenhals, publisher of PLANNED GIVING TODAY, a professional newsletter that serves the charitable gift-planning community. For more information, visit their web site at www.pgtoday.com or call 800-525-5748.

A TIP OF THE BIRETTA to Grace Church, Tampa Palms, Florida, as they celebrate their 10th anniversary. Ten years, from New Tampa's perspective, is a long time. It's long enough that many of the church's 30 or so founding members have left the transient community.

THE ANGLICAN-ROMAN CATHOLIC CONSULTATION IN THE UNITED STATES, established in 1965, continued its discussion of authority in the church at its March 2002 meeting in Menlo Park, California. The 1999 document The Gift of Authority, produced by the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission was discussed in detail.

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH WORShippers at St Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, are to share their pews with some of Scotland's most avant-garde artists. The Gothic revival building has taken on a new role as a spiritual home for experimental art. The West End congregation, which includes many painters, writers and musi-

cians, has just moved back after 20 years of rebuilding and construction. Ten contemporary Scottish artists will be given free rein to display groundbreaking works inside the building.

\*MAKES THE HEART SAD — The Rev Kevin Donlon, rector of St Mary's, Tampa, Florida, renounced his ministry in the ECUSA and started a new parish in the Anglican Mission in America. The fate of St Mary's is not so clear. Some parishioners agreed to follow him out, leaving a substantial debt on their new church and classroom buildings.

THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST JOHN THE DIVINE proved once again that life goes on in the Episcopal Church and in New York City. The Rev Dr James A. Kowalski was installed as the ninth dean of the Cathedral in April. Despite vestiges of the December 2001 fire that remain — a temporary organ and plywood window-coverings — colorful kites and banners unfurled over the

heads of more than 1500 assembled as bishops, priests, and trustees processed to the joyful strains of a 75-member choir.

THE REV ERIKA MEYER is new rector at St Barnabas. Cortez, Colorado. St Barnabas was one of seven Colorado parishes who saw clergy and members leave two years ago to align themselves with the Anglican Mission in America. Sunday attendance has actually increased since the split – average attendance at the early service was about six and 45 at the family service. Now the services attracts about 25 and 90 respectively.

A TIP OF THE BIRETTA to St Mark's Anglican Church, Calgary, Alberta who celebrate their 90th Anniversary in October. The rector is Fr Michael Birch; the Honorary Assistant is Fr Cyril Challice. For more information, visit their web site at www.lexicon.com/stmarks

# #

### WHY DO WE DO THAT?

If you've been an Episcopalian for any length of time, then you know that the official, canonical, color scheme for hangings is purple for Advent and Lent, white for the Christmas season and Easter: red for Pentecost and Holy Week, black for Good Friday, and green Epiphany and the season following Pentecost, don't you? Well, surprise! The Episcopal Church has never had an "official" policy on seasonal colors. However, our mother church, the Church of England, does, and like in so many other matters, we simply take our lead from Canterbury. Thus, our custom or tradition essentially becomes official policy. And furthermore, the Church of England really just adopts the scheme of the Roman church, sort of a "when in Rome do as the Romans do" approach to liturgical correctness.

Actually, in the first years of our church we didn't even

have hangings as we know them today. Neither did the Church of England, since the Puritan influence on the church there had resulted in a pronounced look of austerity and drabness. Even before this there was no rigid color scheme. In fact, on the occasion of the Bishop's official visitation, churches most often just used the very best hangings they had, regardless of color.

Well, anyway, just how did we get to where we are today? Early on, maybe by the fifth century A.D., the color white came to be used for baptisms and funerals. Somewhat later other colors became associated with the seasons of the church year so that by the time of the Council of Trent (1545-63), the five fold sequence of colors (white, green, red, purple, black) was pretty much the norm and has been since. However, through the years, and particularly following the Second Vatican Council (1962-65), many variations on the theme have been used. Light blue (Mary blue) is seen now in place of purple for Advent, a "Lenten Array" of unbleached muslin often replaces purple for Lent, Oxblood or dark brown is found on altars during Holy Week, and gold is now used during Easter and the Great Fifty Days. And more and more, due to cost considerations, many churches are using hangings which are flexible enough in texture, weave and color to be used through more than one season. So, the point of this is we're not hide bound by "official policy," but we should remember in good Episcopal fashion that tradition and good taste are always in style.

– The Rev Joe Porter, Curate, Grace – St Luke's, Memphis, Tennessee

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#### From the Editor

#### ATTENTION TO THE TEXT

Would the Episcopal Church welcome more sermons which engage and unpack the text of the Bible? I hope so.

Not entertaining sermons, not story-telling sermons, not sermons about contemporary applications of Christian truths before we learn what those truths are, not even topical sermons. I am all for appropriate humor from the pulpit, and all truth goes home on the back of a good story. Certainly all true preaching needs to apply the Bible to life, not just the life of the individual but of society and the world at large. And, yes, topical sermons have their place, but the trouble is the preacher chooses the topics and so certain (unpleasant? difficult?) topics invariably are ignored.

Yet I am pleading for sermons where a woman leaves worship saying: I never noticed that truth embedded in 1 Corinthians 15 before, did you? Where a man

departs in silence and spends the day praying over a passage because the preacher in her words got him so excited about that section of Scripture he just had to dig deeper into it himself.

One 20th century statement of faith, whose primary author was an Anglican, declared: "We ... affirm the power of God's word to accomplish his purpose of salvation. The message of the Bible is addressed to all men and women... Through it the Holy Spirit still speaks today. He illumines the minds of God's people in every culture to perceive its truth freshly through their own eyes."

In a similar vein, Isaiah 55:10-11 says: "For as the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and prosper in the thing for which I sent it."

I say hooray for preachers such as the Rev Alison Barfoot and the Rev Fleming Rutledge who see expounding the text of the Bible as the preacher's central task.

If Jacob had his life changed from wrestling with God at the Jabbok (Genesis 34), what would happen to us if we wrestled just as hard with the text of Scripture?

- Dr Kendall S. Harmon



### TWO AND A HALF HOURS

We did it again, just as we do before every major holy day. And this time, for me it was at end of a long, tiring Monday, immediately following a two-hour meeting I attended not long after a fivehour drive home, kids and all, from another state. We hunched in the choir pews of our dimly lit church - clergy, organist, acolyte masters, altar guild president, various key players in planning and leading the liturgy. For twoand-a half painstaking hours we reviewed, discussed, debated, revised and rehearsed every conceivable detail of how Holy Week and Easter services would be conducted. As the evening wore on, we labored, laughed, and lamented our way through five complicated liturgies: Palm Sunday, Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, Easter Vigil, Easter Day.

Why did we bother? Why so much time and energy hashing over ritual minutiae?

We bothered because we were having fun - or at

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least, preparing to do so. Because we were readying the house for a great banquet. Because we were gearing up for our whole parish and numerous visitors to come and worship the God whose idea of fun is to meet mourning women in the darkness of Jesus' tomb on Easter morning and send them home with the astounding news: He is risen!

One of the great Eastern Orthodox scholars of the twentieth century, Alexander Schmemann, made the point this way: "The liturgy is, before everything else, the joyous gathering of those who are to meet the risen Lord". And it is this joy of expectation and this expectation of joy that are expressed in singing and ritual, in vestments and incensing, in that whole "beauty" of the liturgy which has so often been denounced as unnecessary and even sinful. Schmemann would have been sitting right there with us - planning, relishing every detail.

 ${
m In}$  fact, in his book, he

sounds almost like a kid in a candy shop, justifying this folly called liturgy. "Unnecessary it is indeed," he exults, "for we are beyond the categories of the necessary. Beauty is never necessary, functional, or useful. And when, expecting someone whom we love, we put a beautiful tablecloth on the table and decorate it with candles and flowers, we do all this not out of necessity, but out of love. And the Church is love, expectation and joy. It is heaven on earth, according to the Orthodox tradition; it is the joy of recovered childhood, that free, unconditioned and disinterested joy which alone is capable of transforming the world." [For the Life of the World, St Vladimir's Press 1988, pp. 29-30]. Two and a half hours was a long time that Monday night. And worth every minute.

- The Rev Tom Kryder-Reid, Trinity, Indianapolis, Indiana



#### FIRST ANGLICAN AD FONTES

At their April meeting, the Anglican Primates stated: "In Holy Scripture we have a unique, trustworthy record of the acts and promises of God. No other final criteria for Christian teaching can supplant this witness to the self consistency of God through the ages." Thomas Cranmer would have applauded. For the Communion he helped birth is still clearly committed to its founding, fundamental principle some 450 years later.

Anglicanism had its beginnings in sixteenth-century England, the time of the European Renaissance. Today that era is most famous for the brilliant work of such well-loved artists as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo. Looking past the "dark" Middle Ages to the accomplishments of Greece and Rome, they presented the wonder of the human body as naturally as possible. At the same time, however, a

similar revolution was occurring in scholarship. The leading intellectuals of the time passed over the denselyargued, jargon-laden commentaries of the Middle Ages to focus on the brilliant eloquence and crisp clarity of the ancient primary texts themselves. The rallying cry of these humanists was "Ad fontes!", (To the Sources!), for they were committed to concentrating their studies where the stream of knowledge ran unmuddied by centuries of later interpretation. In matters of theology, of course, the supreme ancient text was the Bible, and next in line was its interpretation by the Church Fathers in the first centuries.

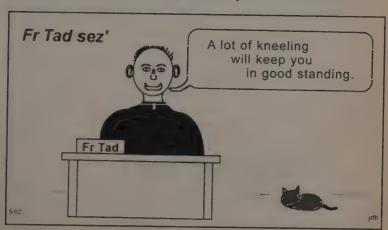
Thomas Cranmer (1489-1556) was deeply influenced by humanist scholars like Erasmus. He firmly believed that there was no higher theological authority than Scripture, not centuries of church tradition, not the best wisdom of human reasoning, not even the authority of current church leaders. While each of these may assist us in

understanding what Scripture says, the Bible itself is a uniquely-inspired divine revelation of eternal Truth about God's nature and our own. Therefore, "it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture, [so as to contradict] another." Echoing the humanist cry, Archbishop Cranmer urged his English parishioners to "diligently search for the well of life in the books of the New and Old Testament, and not run to the stinking puddles of men's traditions, devised by man's imagination for our

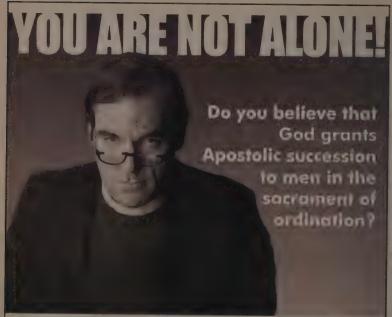
justification and salvation." Heeding the call of our own primates, may we go and do likewise!

#### – The Rev Dr John Ashley Null

[The Rev Dr Ashley Null is an Episcopal priest from Western Kansas currently doing postdoctoral research in Germany on a critical edition of Cranmer's Great Commonplaces for Oxford University Press. His first book, Thomas Cranmer's Doctrine of Repentance: Renewing the Power to Love, is currently available from Oxford University Press as well.]



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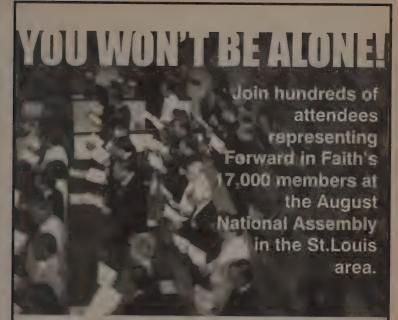
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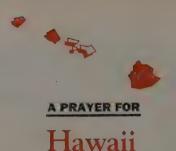
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### Praise be to Thee. O God:

For mighty fire deep in earth lifting up the isles from ocean floor; for steady wind wafting seed to the shore; and rain to bless her mantle of green and fill the cisterns of life.

Thanks be to Thee, O Father: For all men and women who have travelled here, bearing in every race Thy image upon their brows, for the sea-girt commonwealth which they fashioned of courage and forbearance and the imagination of peace.

May the fire of Thy Holy Spirit ever burn in the hearts of Thy people, and Thy benediction be the lively hope of all who dwell in Hawaii; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

# ABOUT OUR COVERS

#### The Episcopal Church in Hawaii

The front cover is a painting of St John's, Kula, on the island of Maui, used by permission of the artist, Rick Fitch. St John's was founded in 1900 by a group of Chinese immigrants under the direction of The Rev Shim Yin Chin. Fr Chim served as educator, catechist and news reporter to the Chinese farmers of Kula. In 1907 the present structure was finished and was used both as a church and a Chinese language school. The Rev Heather Mueller-Fitch, spouse of the cover artist, is Rector of St John's. She is one of the first women ordained as priest in the Episcopal Church, and the second woman ordained Episcopal Priest in the Diocese of Hawaii

The Episcopal Church in Hawaii began in 1862 when King Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma — a life-long Anglican — invited the

Church of England to Hawaii. The King and Queen, shown on the back cover, supported the Church's establishment throughout the islands with gifts of land, and by founding St Andrew's Cathedral in Honolulu. Queen Emma also founded Queen's Hospital and St Andrew's Priory School for Girls in Honolulu. The last Queen of Hawaii, Queen Lili'uokalani, depended upon the spiritual support of the Episcopal Church during and following the overthrow of her reign in 1893.

The Missionary District of Honolulu originally included the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, Okinawa, Taiwan and Kwajalein. It became the Diocese of Hawaii in 1969 and now consists solely of the State of Hawaii. The Diocese is made up of people who are native to Hawaii and from everywhere else in the world who worship according to the Book of Common Prayer.

Friends and family members of Episcopalians may worship as Roman Catholics, in a variety of Protestant faiths, as well as Buddhists, Shintoists, Mormons, Jews, Hindus, in traditional Hawaiian, other native ways. and Hawaiian Episcopalians hold cultural and religious variety in respect. Worship in the Diocese fits the heritage, language and experience of the parishioners. Congregations in the Diocese have formed based on various ethnic groups, such as Hawaiian, Chinese, Filipino, Japanese, and Korean. The Eucharist is celebrated regularly in Hawaiian, complete with Hawaiian language hymns. The Diocese celebrates annually, King Kamehameha IV and Queen Emma Day - the Feast of the Holy Sovereigns on November 28.

Some materials from the Diocese of Hawaii web site.



#### THE CALL

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:

Such a Way, as gives us breath:

Such a Truth, as ends all strife:

Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:

Such a Light, as shows a feast:

Such a Feast, as mends in length:

Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:

Such a Joy, as none can move:

Such a Love, as none can part:

Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

- George Herbert (1858)

## H DEATHS H

MRS SALOME BRECK, 95, a founder of the Episcopal Communicators. Mrs Breck served as editor of the Diocese of Colorado newspaper for 25 years and was founding editor of the Journal of Women's Ministries.

THE REV CANON DR EUGENE R. FAIRWEATHER. A Canadian Anglican theologian and ecumenist of international stature, Fr Fairweather was at Trinity College, Toronto, from 1944 until his retirement in 1987. He was a theological consultant to the Anglican Congress of 1963 and the Lambeth Conference of 1968.

The Rev David P. Hegg II, 65, senior vice-president of the Church Pension Fund. He was a noted advocate for ministry to the elderly and to retired clergy.

THE REV DENNIS G. JARRY, 59. Fr Jarry, a Roman Catholic priest in Connecticut for 20 years, was received into the Episcopal Church in 1992. He served in the Diocese of

Western Massachusetts as parish priest, member of the diocesan council, and ecclesiastical court judge.

H DR PATRICK KENAN, 71, long time Duke University Medical Center surgeon. A former choir director at St Joseph's, Durham, North Carolina. Dr Kenan was known as much for his baritone voice and artistic enthusiasm as for his 40-year medical career at Duke.

MR ROBERT MAULE, long time chancellor, and leader in the Diocese of South Dakota was known to many through his service in the General Convention, Province VI and the Western Chancellors' Conference.

The Rev Harry J. Rains, Sr, 87. Fr Rains was ordained a priest in the Episcopal church in 1952. He was a member of the Order of the Holy Cross for many years.

THE REV JAMES B. SIMPSON, 75. Born in Arkansas, Fr

Simpson was a parish priest, author, and editor of THE ANGLICAN DIGEST in the early 1980s. At the time of his death he was he was an assisting priest at Ascension and St Agnes, an Anglo-Catholic parish in Washington, D.C.

THE REV ELLSWORTH B. STONE, 90, rector emeritus of Church of the Redeemer, Cairo. He was archdeacon in the Diocese of Springfield.

WOODRUFF, 65. Former executive director of the Union of Black Epsicopalians, Fr Woodruff also served as chaplain at Fisk and Tennessee A&I Universities, taught at Episcopal seminaries and promoted civil rights in the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

THE REV CANON CLIFFORD SIDNEY WESTHORP, 88. Canon Westhorp was a priest for 47 years. He was Secretary to the Bishop of Rhode Island from 1967-1972 and Canon to the Ordinary.

May they rest in peace and rise in glory.



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- The Managing Editor



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## The Way Forward

The way forward in the massive church struggle in which we are now engaged does not lie in ignoring it by saying that "it doesn't really touch me" or that "there are far more important issues than sex or inclusive language." Neither does it lie in bowing before it by saying that "change is inevitable and I must keep up with the times." Rather, we are called to give attention to our particular history by entering more fully into the life of the "communion of saints." We are called to be something particular in the midst of a particular history. We are not called as defenders of orthodoxy to expend our energies in a fruitless battle with the communities that now contend for hegemony in our church. That enterprise is rather like Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby. The more we punch away, the more firmly we become stuck in the other fellow's tar. No, the way forward is simply to change the subject; and this by showing others what it is to be a part of the "communion of saints" that lives and breathes in the Episcopal Church in the United States of America at the beginning of the 21st Century.

I he way forward does not lie in another church. It does not lie in a breakaway group claiming greater fidelity to the Gospel. It does not lie in a political strategy that will purify our church. Rather, it lies in a resolute determination to live as the communion of saints in this particular time and this particular place. The rest is up to God, and we know that, even in their sufferings, indeed particularly in their sufferings, God honors his faithful servants. So the question our history puts to us now is not how we become a community, but rather how we remain the communion of saints in the face of a pervasive distortion of Christian belief and practice that threatens to overwhelm us.

I want to mention three practices in particular that in other parts of the Anglican Communion give outward identity to presbyters, and

allow one to speak of them still as a college. These practices are in decline and in places have utterly disappeared among the presbyters of ECUSA. They are, however, utterly essential for the health of the common life of the saints; their absence among ordained leadership is disastrous for everyone.

The first practice is regular participation in the daily offices of the church. I know full well what I have just said, and I know full well what your inward reaction is apt to have been. Please don't groan inwardly and take your mind to a more interesting subject. And please don't think that I'm just being a scold. Please, remember for a moment these things. Within the Church of England and most other member churches of the Anglican Communion, clergy are bound by their office to say morning and evening prayer. No such discipline is laid upon the clergy of ECUSA. Indeed, so far as I know, no common discipline at all is required of us. It's all left to the discretion of the individual. Some have a regular practice; others, I suspect most, do not. We are busy with other things, at least I am, and these other things place the saying of daily offices out of reach. And after all, the success of our ministries is not measured by fidelity to this bygone practice. Nevertheless, think for a moment of what we have abandoned.

We have abandoned daily recitation of the psalms, daily instruction from the Holy Scriptures, and daily recitation of the prayers that the church has carefully honed through the ages as necessary for a fully Christian life. We do not exist in a fellowship of presbyters where each of us is obedient to this binding, common, and communion forming discipline. We do not daily place ourselves as one body within this carefully formed way of entering the presence of God. Is it any wonder then that we so often give a nervous giggle when people note that the only thing holding us together may be the Church Pension

Fund? This bit of irony may indeed strike rather closer to the bone than we like. The point I am making I know may appear platitudinous; piously platitudinous at that. If, however, I add certain explanatory remarks, the point may lose its dull finish.

First, departure from daily reading of the psalms signals removal from regular participation in all the forms of prayer thought necessary for growth in the knowledge and love of God. Second, departure from daily reading of the scriptures, which each year takes one through the sweep of the biblical narrative, removes one from ever refreshed knowledge of the full account of God's dealing with his creation. Thirdly, the eclipse of the collects of the church by selective forms of personal devotion (periodically engaged in) removes one from prayerful participation in the measurement of time by means of the seasons of the Church's year. In short, the decline of this common practice spins us presbyters out into a myriad of private spiritual worlds, and we should not kid ourselves by saying that we are all brought back together again by common participation in the Eucharist.

I simply note that weekly celebration of the Eucharist has not been followed by the unity its advocates promised, but by ever increasing division and hostility. The reason is not hard to find. Weekly celebration of the Eucharist has been accompanied by the decline or disappearance of the practice of daily common prayer and common reflection upon the Holy Scriptures. The eucharistic practice of the church and its presbyters no longer stands upon a foundation of daily practice. The result is the loss of a common space in which division can be overcome by daily participation in the communion the saints have one with another through common practice and common participation in Christ. The result is also disappearance of the conditions that make mutual correction possible, and with the disappearance of mutual correction the possibility of finding

unity of belief and practice

disappears as well.

I am jumping ahead of myself again. The truth of this statement will become clearer if we look at a second practice that is in decline. I am speaking of the study of Holy Scripture. I do not mean just reading the daily lections. I do not mean the brief time spent deciding what one is going to say on Sunday about the Gospel reading for the day. I do not mean keeping up with the latest trends in biblical scholarship. On the whole, these trends are part of the problem rather than part of the solution. I mean rather patient, steady, reflection that carries one though the law, the prophets, the gospels and the epistles in a way that makes the text itself a part of one's being. I mean close reading that allows one to see the connections between the testaments in a way that unites the Bible's witness rather than deconstructs it. I mean that sort of constant reading that places large portions of the biblical text in one's memory. And I do not recommend this practice as one of personal piety. Indeed, I hold that it should be a practice that defines what it is to be a presbyter as much as does presiding at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. I have made this point on numerous occasions, but I will make it again. If people are to participate more fully in the communion of saints, their clergy have got to be more than counselors, liturgical functionaries and managers. They have to take on the qualities of a rabbi as well.

We are called, I believe, to carry about in our being the Holy Scriptures, and give our lives to communicating their meaning and power. The surrounding culture no longer communicates what my friend David Kelsey often calls "the Christian thing." Knowledge of the mystery revealed in Christ is no longer common to our society. And so it is that, like the Jews, Christians now must learn to live as God's people in circumstances unfriendly to that enterprise. That task lies beyond the reach of people with no knowledge of the

Holy Scriptures, and that knowledge will not come if their clergy do not follow practices that allow for its possession and dissemination. Further, presbyters cannot function as a college unless they are jointly carriers of such biblical learning. You may well remember that one of the vows taken at ordination in our church is this: "Will you be diligent in the reading and study of the Holy Scriptures." Remember, this is a vow - the strongest possible form of promise; and remember that the vow is made to God before the company of the church. The purpose of this vow extends beyond the demands of personal piety.

It serves as a basis for ministry in God's church, and as a basis for membership in a college of presbyters that jointly carries primary responsibility for the health and peace of that church. Daily reading the Holy Scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments, daily recitation of the psalms and prayers of the church and regular study of the Holy

Scriptures create conditions wherein we may have good hope that we, as a college of presbyters, can be in one place and of one mind about the deposit of the faith. Apart from these practices, in this age of fascination with everything new, there is no hope of being in one place and of one mind. There is, in short, no hope of participation in the communion of saints. All we will be left with are communities of like minded people divided one from another by the most virulent suspicions and, sad to say, hatreds.

There is, however, a third group of practices that must be added to the ones listed thus far. They must be added if we are, as Ephesians says, to enjoy "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." We must pray for the presence among us of certain graces, and we must strive to maintain the practices that allow these graces to find expression. I speak of the graces and practices that give love a face.

The Letter of Paul to the Ephesians lists the following

as necessary if the saints are to avoid being "carried about by every wind of doctrine". and "by the cunning of men, and by their deceitful wiles." The graces and practices necessary for people to become grown up in Christ, to grow in the knowledge and love of God are humility, gentleness, patience, forbearance born of love, eagerness to maintain unity in the bond of peace, truthfulness mediated in love. mutual kindness, tenderheartedness, and forgiveness (Eph. 4:2-3, 15, 32). I had a teacher at Virginia seminary that, alas, used to dismiss such enumerations as "St Paul's laundry lists." Far from it! Humility, gentleness, patience, etc., are first of all graces of spirit that allow one to speak the truth in love and live at peace even with one's enemies. They are also forms of life expressed in practices - ways of relating that show kindness, tenderheartedness, and forgiveness. These graces and practices have simply disappeared from the councils of our national church. They are only marginally present among the presbyters of our church, and are frequently not to be found within the common life of parishes. One cannot claim participation in the communion of saints, however, if these graces and practices are absent from one's life. Neither can churches, dioceses, colleges of presbyters and congregations! Further, we cannot possibly hope to find that unity of mind in respect of belief and life to which we are called, and whose absence we so glibly excuse with sophistic remarks about "pluralism."

When a vice like the valorization of pluralism becomes virtue as now it has within the public discourse of our church, one has a serious problem! I have become convinced that all one can do in the face of such vice is to be something different. Argument is of no use.

I am asking you to consider this. The way in which we can be present to our time and place, without treason or idolatry, is to be what we are called to be — the communion of saints. I take it that this challenge is about a good deal

more than getting our doctrine right, though we certainly need to work hard on that. It is first of all about the reconstruction of practices that once defined the presbyterate of the Anglican Communion, but in the case of ECUSA no longer do. Entering into the communion of saints by means of these practices creates conditions favorable to the presence and work of the Holy Spirit, and so also conditions in which we, as a college of presbyters, can be something different. They hold out the promise of us becoming God's diversity in the midst of a depressingly uniform revisionist These practices hold the promise of re-salting salt that has lost its taste in a way similar to the way in which a valley of dry bones may come together in a resurrected body.

> The Rev Dr Philip Turner, former Dean of Berkeley Divinity School at Yale

[This sermon was preached at the service for renewal of ordination vows in the Diocese of South Carolina, 2002]

## Gentle Jesus

Lamb of God, I look to thee; Thou shalt mine example be; Thou art gentle, meek and mild;

Thou wast once a little child.

Lord, I would be as thou art; Give me thine obedient heart; Thou art pitiful and kind,

Thou art pitiful and kind Let me have thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfill God my heavenly Father's will;

Never his good Spirit grieve; Only to his glory live.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb, In thy gracious hands I am; Make me, Savior, what thou art,

Like thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth thy praise,

Serve thee all my happy days;

Then the world shall always see

Christ the holy Child in me.

John Wesley, Hymns for Children, Hymnal 1940

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